Miss Patty Peep

WRITTEN & PICTURED
BY
JULIA GREENE

MAKE-BELIEVE
SERIES

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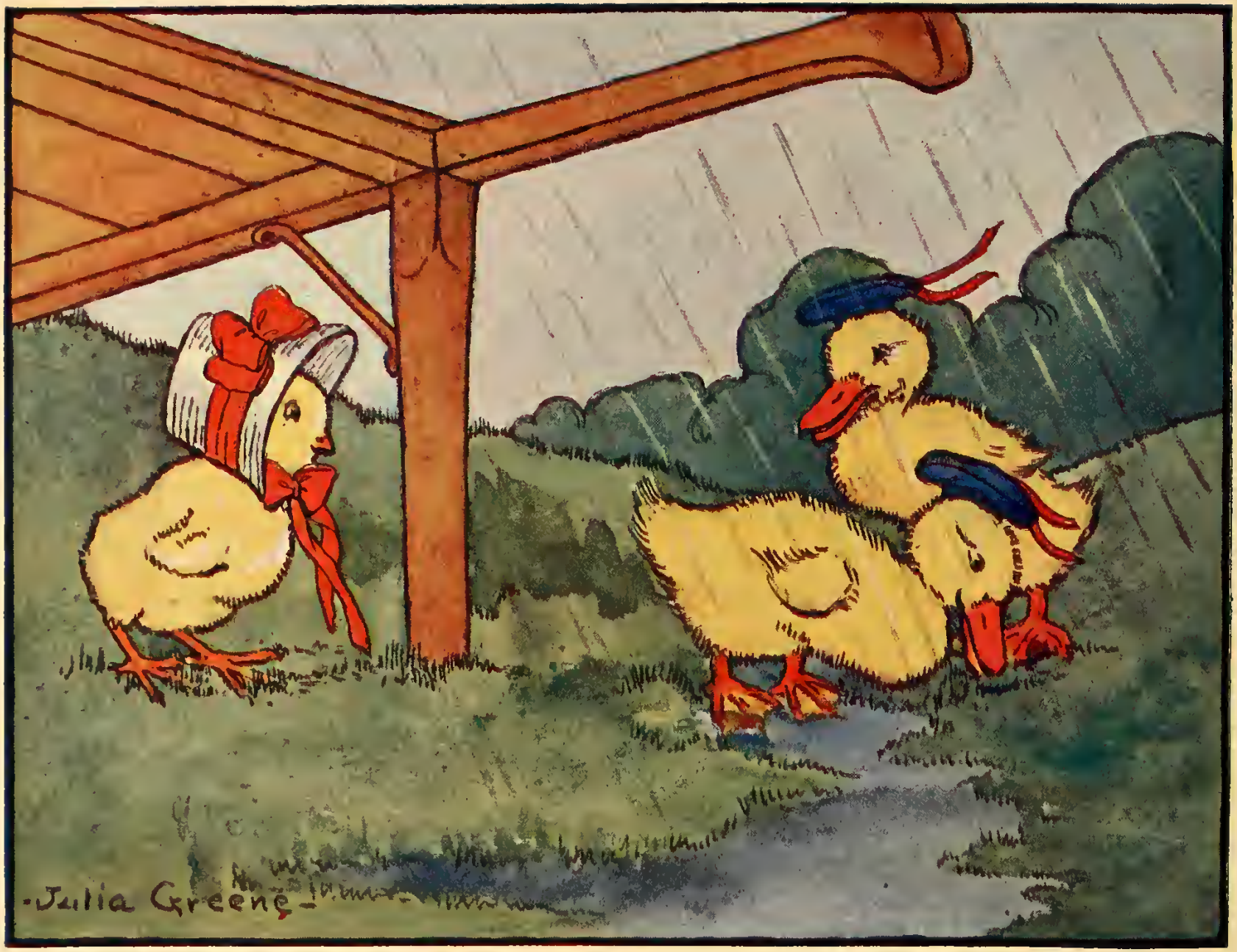
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CUPPLES & LEON
COMPANY
NEW YORK

MAKE-BELIEVE SERIES

THE MAKE-BELIEVE SERIES

Whiffet Squirrel	The Mouse's Tail
The Yaller Dog	Miss Patty Peep

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Miss Patty Peep

TAP! TAP! CRACK! CRACK!

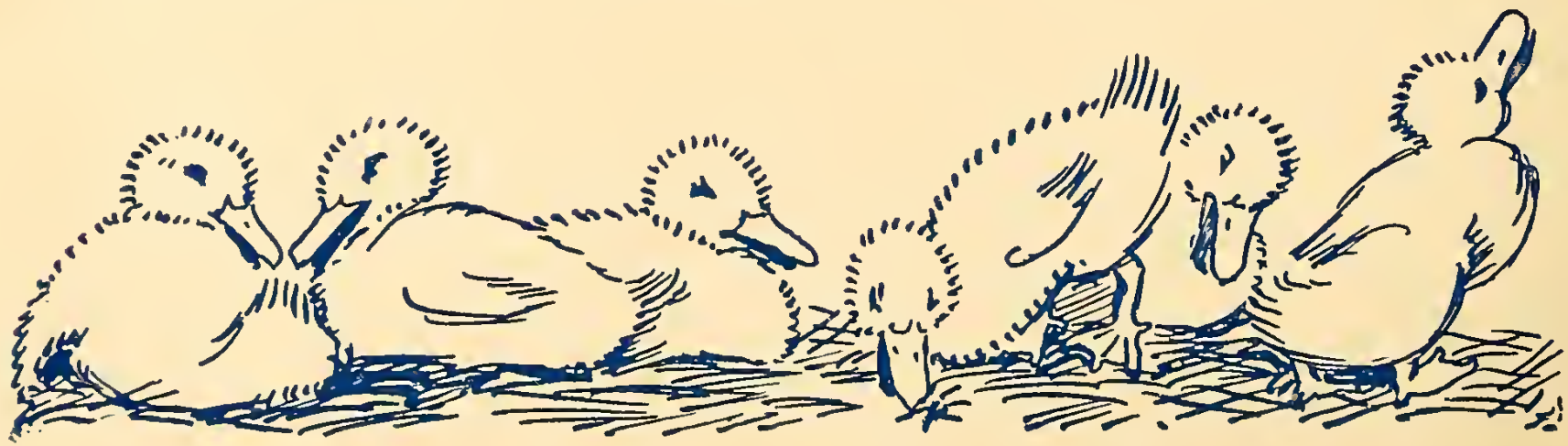
The eggshell smashed into a hundred pieces, and Miss Patty Peep stepped forth into the world one lovely spring morning, a cute and downy little chick with two bright black eyes.

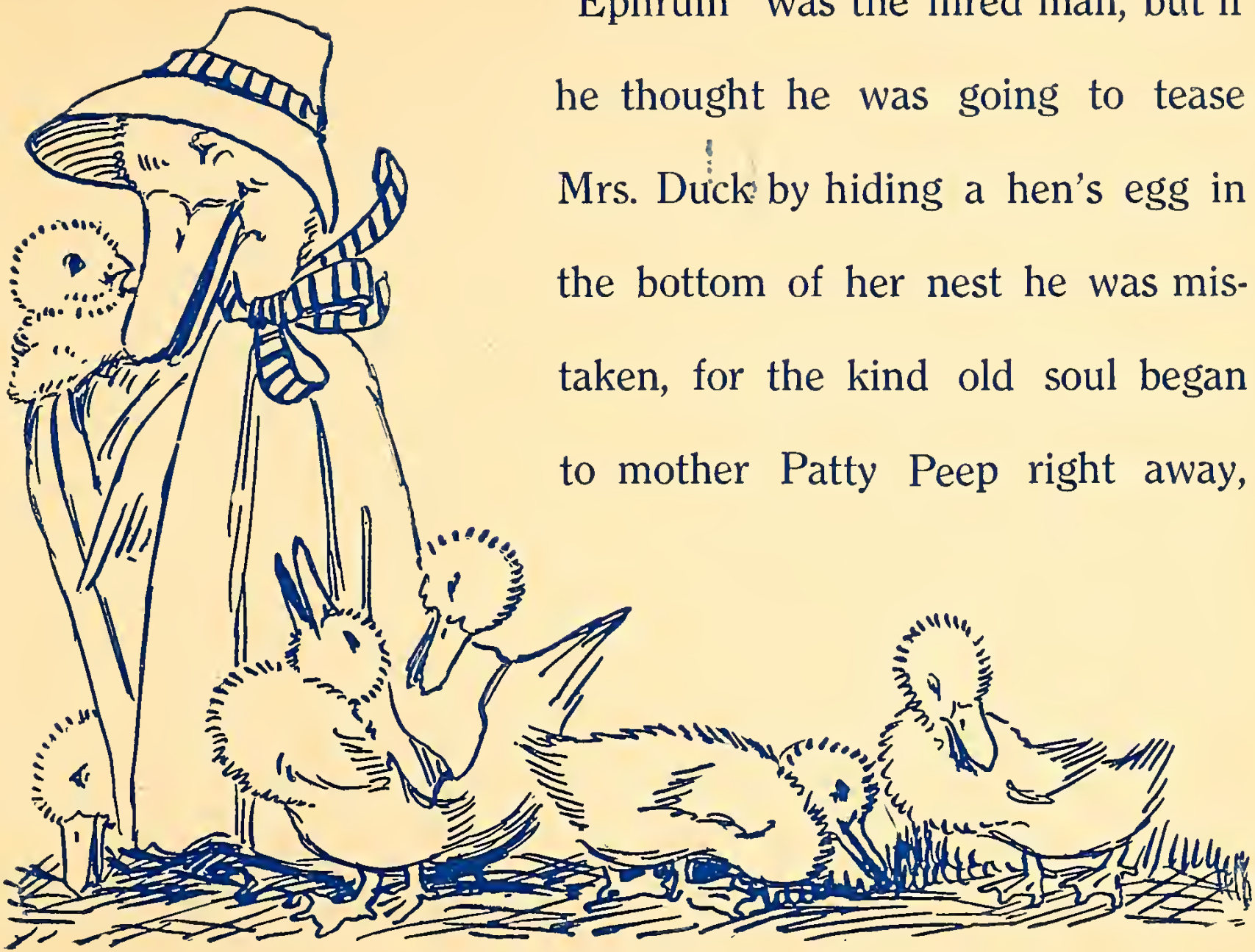
"What kind of a duckling are you?" were the first words that she ever heard. As she was only a minute old she did not know any-

thing—she did not even know whether she was a chicken or a duckling, so she only answered—"Peep! Peep!"

All of the little yellow ducklings (there were twelve of them and they were only a few hours old themselves) crowded around Miss Patty Peep, very much excited to see such a soft little ball of down.

"Good gracious!" quacked Mrs. Duck to herself. "It's funny I didn't notice that egg. I'll bet it's one of Ephrum's jokes."

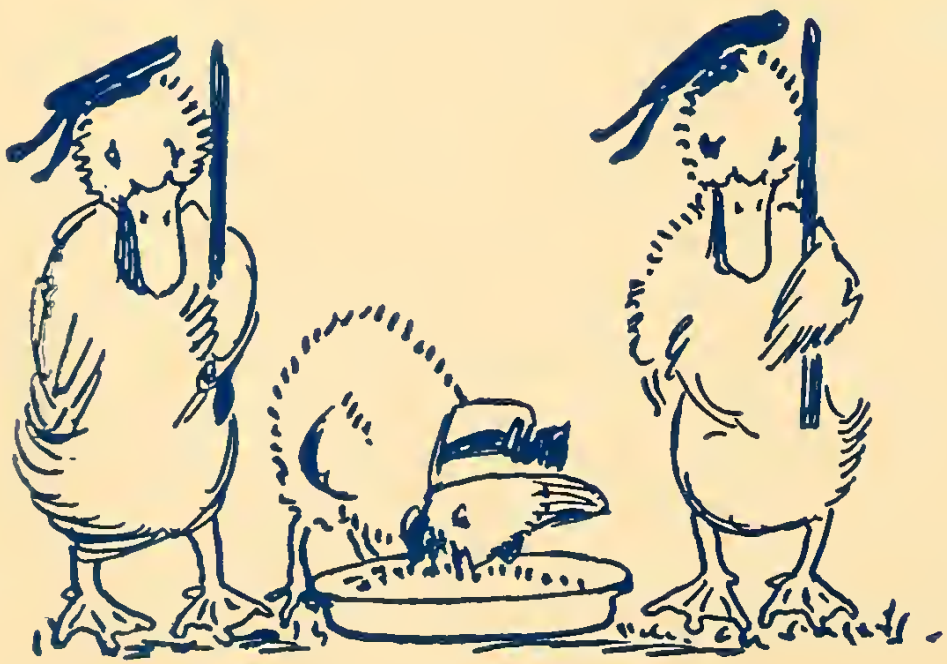




"Ephrum" was the hired man, but if he thought he was going to tease Mrs. Duck by hiding a hen's egg in the bottom of her nest he was mistaken, for the kind old soul began to mother Patty Peep right away,

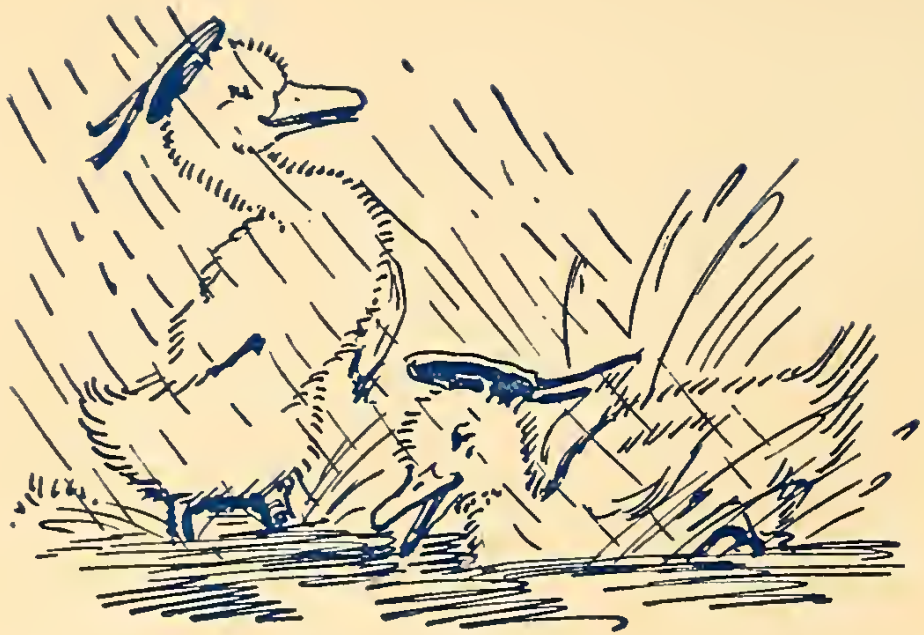
and told Quackles and Waddles, her two largest ducklings, to take care of Patty and see that the other ducklings did not shove her away from the food, or crowd her at night when they all snuggled into Mrs. Duck's soft feathers to sleep.

As for Patty she lived happily in the Duck family, and had no idea she was a chicken, but soon things began to happen that made her realize that there was some difference between herself and the rest of the family.

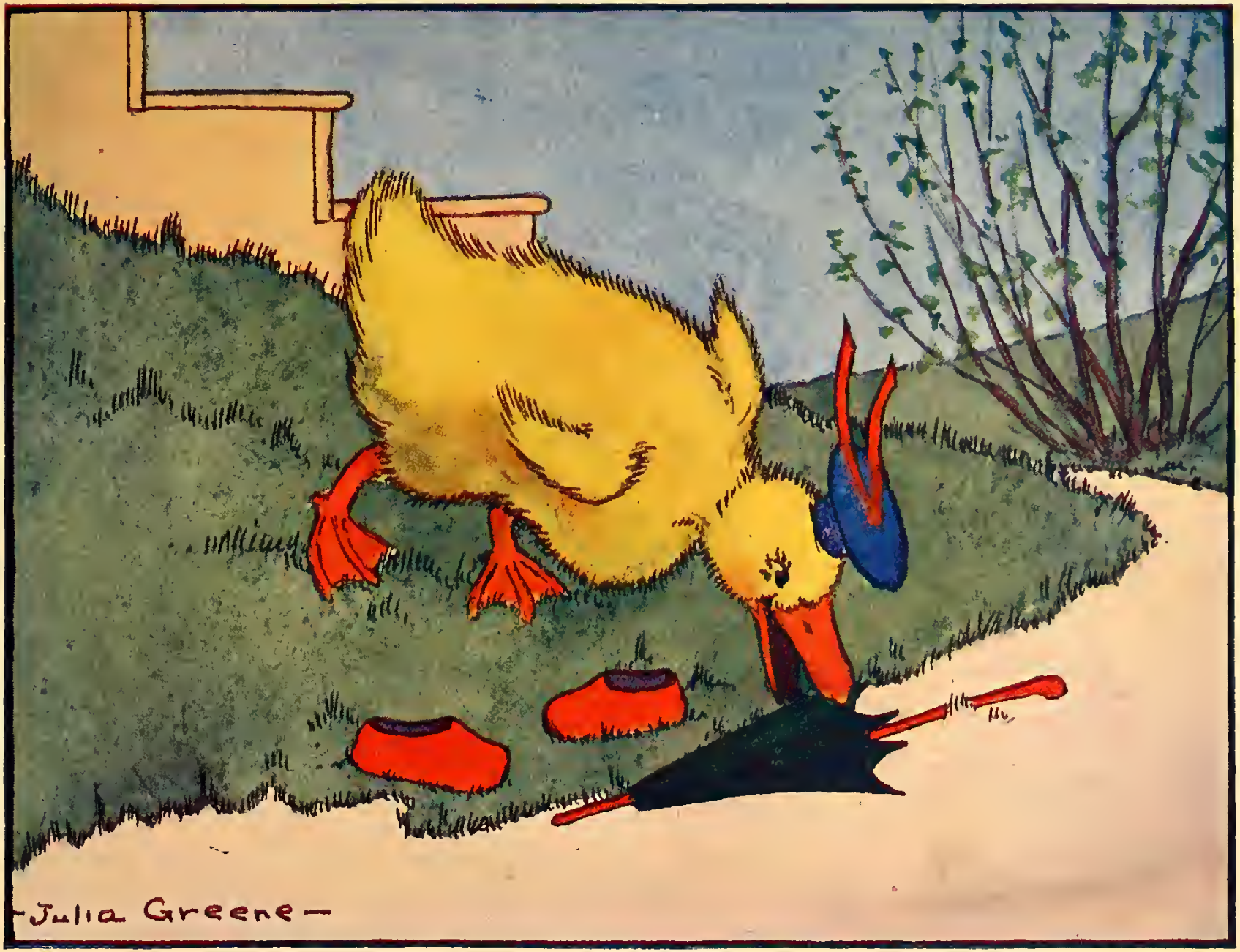


One afternoon the very first week of her life, a big

thunderstorm came up and the rain fell in torrents. Patty Peep's first instinct was to run as fast as she could for shelter. To her surprise Quackles and Waddles seemed to enjoy it, and as she watched them from her shelter under the wheelbarrow she said to herself, "They don't know enough to come in when it rains," but they thought that Patty Peep was so foolish not to paddle in the puddles with them. A few days later,



as Waddles was exploring the yard around the back door, he saw such a cunning little object lying in the grass. It was the dearest little green umbrella, and right near it lay a cute little pair of red rubbers. Waddles first thought was of Patty Peep, and he grabbed the little umbrella in his bill and ran to find Patty as fast as he could. "Now you can play out in the rain with us," quacked Waddles, as he dropped the umbrella in front of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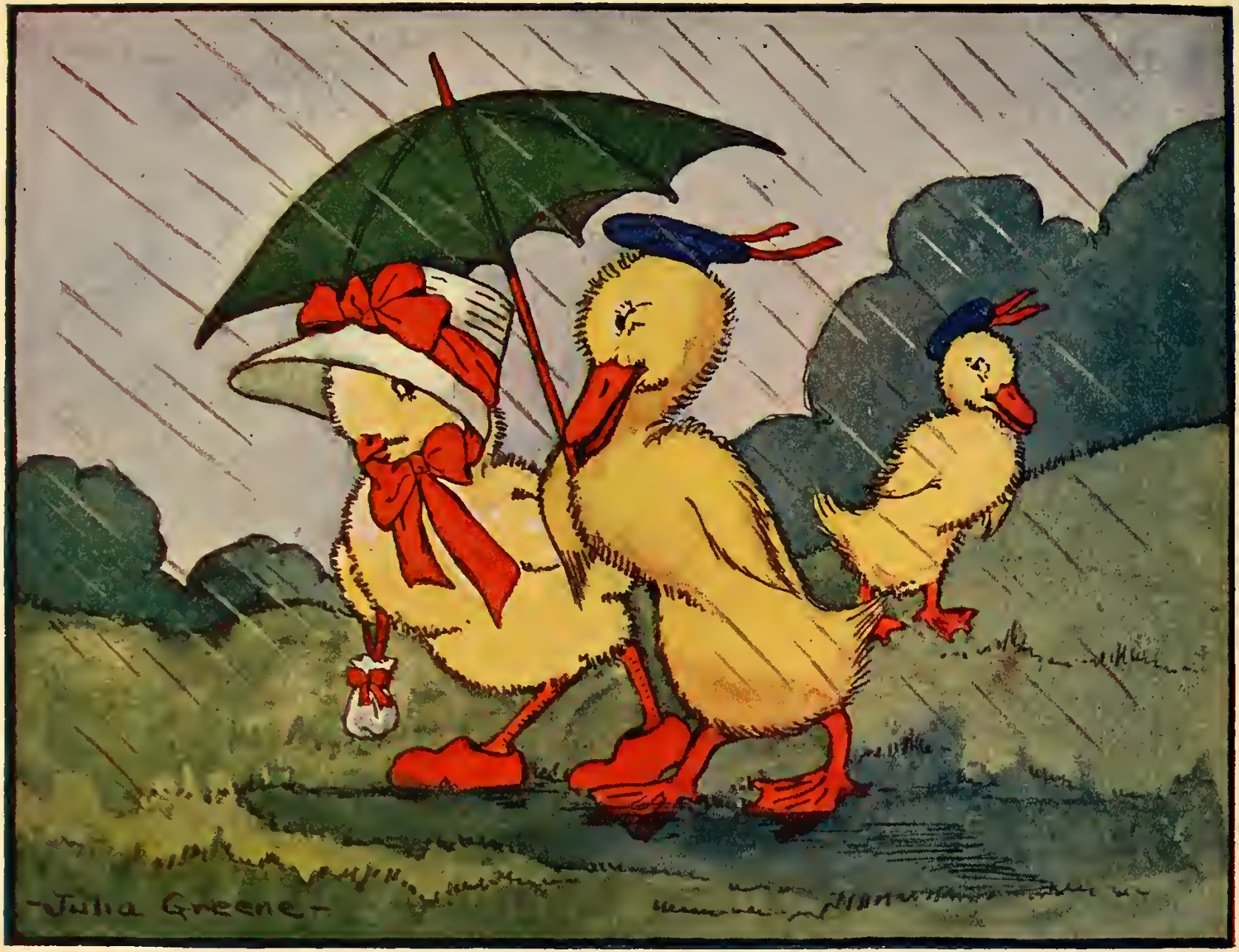
the surprised and delighted Patty, and before she had time to thank him he was off again and came running back with the rubbers.

The little red rubbers proved to be just a fit for Patty Peep, and no wonder, for they belonged to Polly's smallest doll. Polly was the little girl who lived in the farmhouse, and she had dropped the doll's umbrella and rubbers as she was carrying an armful of play-things out to her playhouse in the back yard.

Waddles did not know where they came from, but he probably thought that some kind fairy had left them there on purpose for Patty Peep, and indeed, she looked so sweet under the dear little umbrella that Quackles and Waddles hoped it would rain soon, and sure enough it did the very next day. They each took turns holding the umbrella over her, and once when she was going through an unusually large puddle she lost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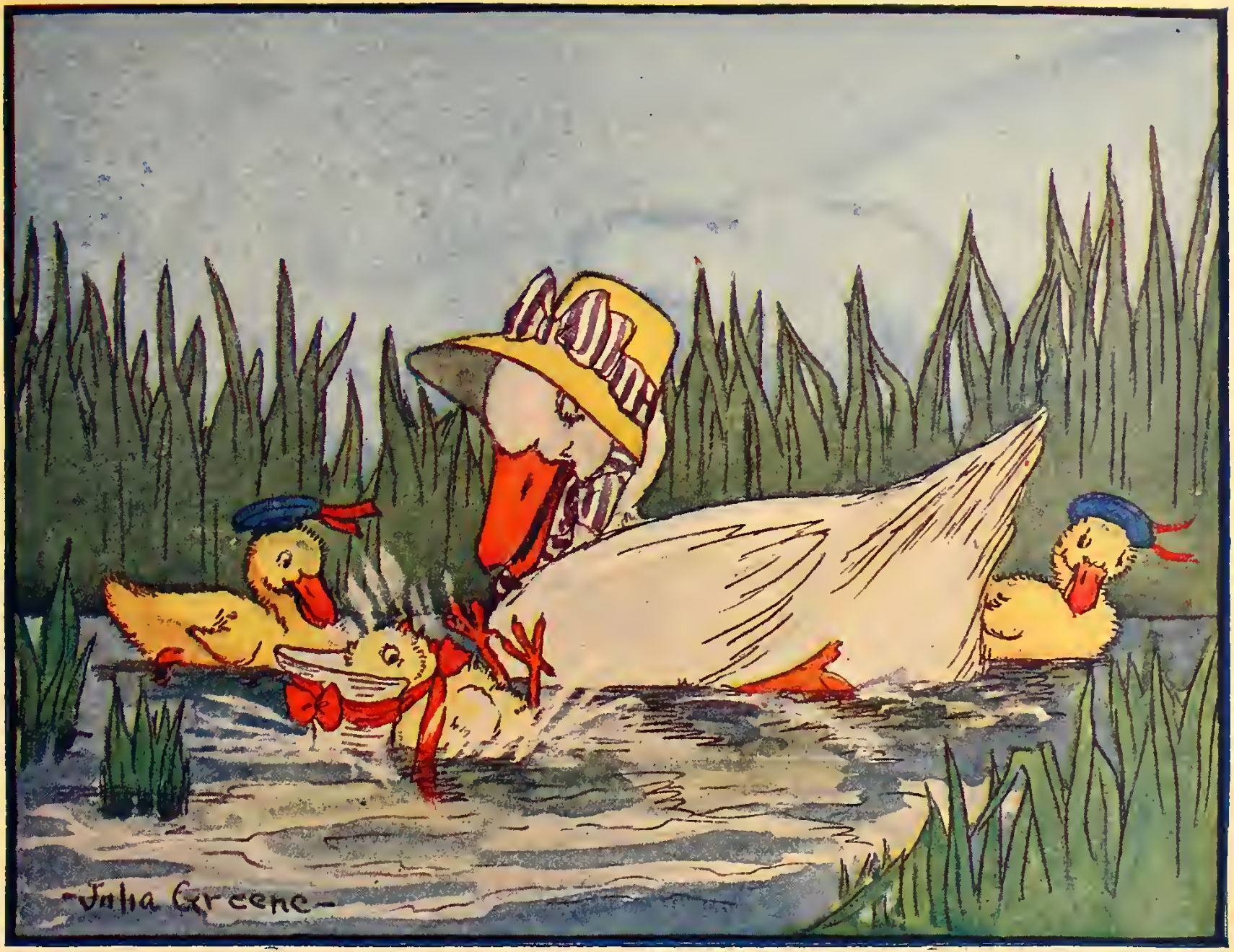
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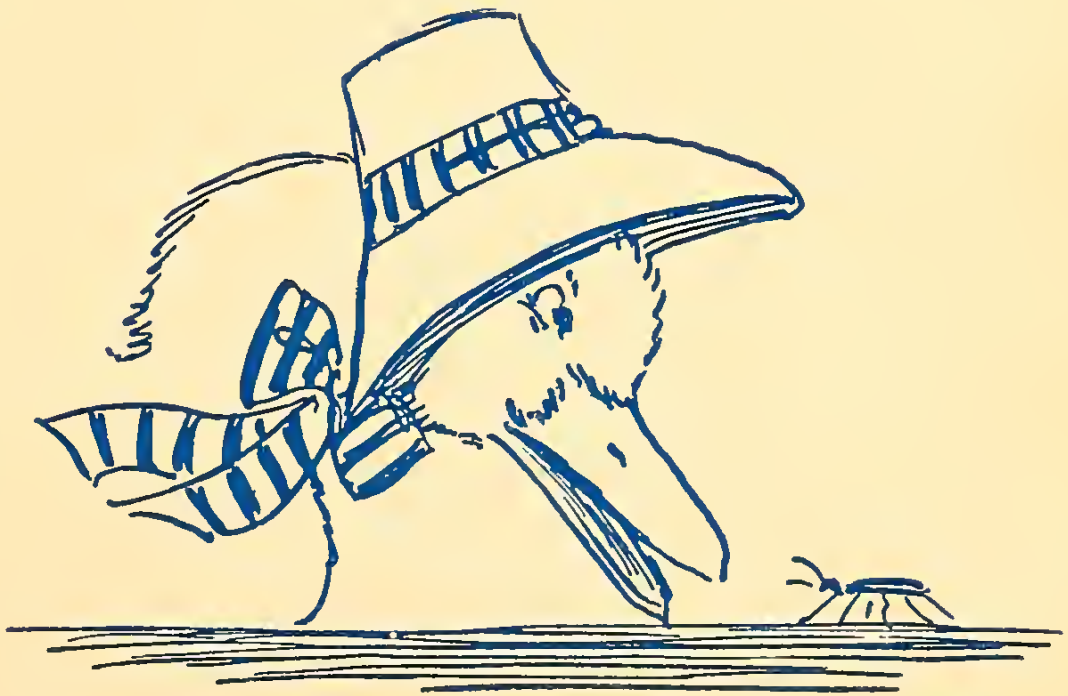
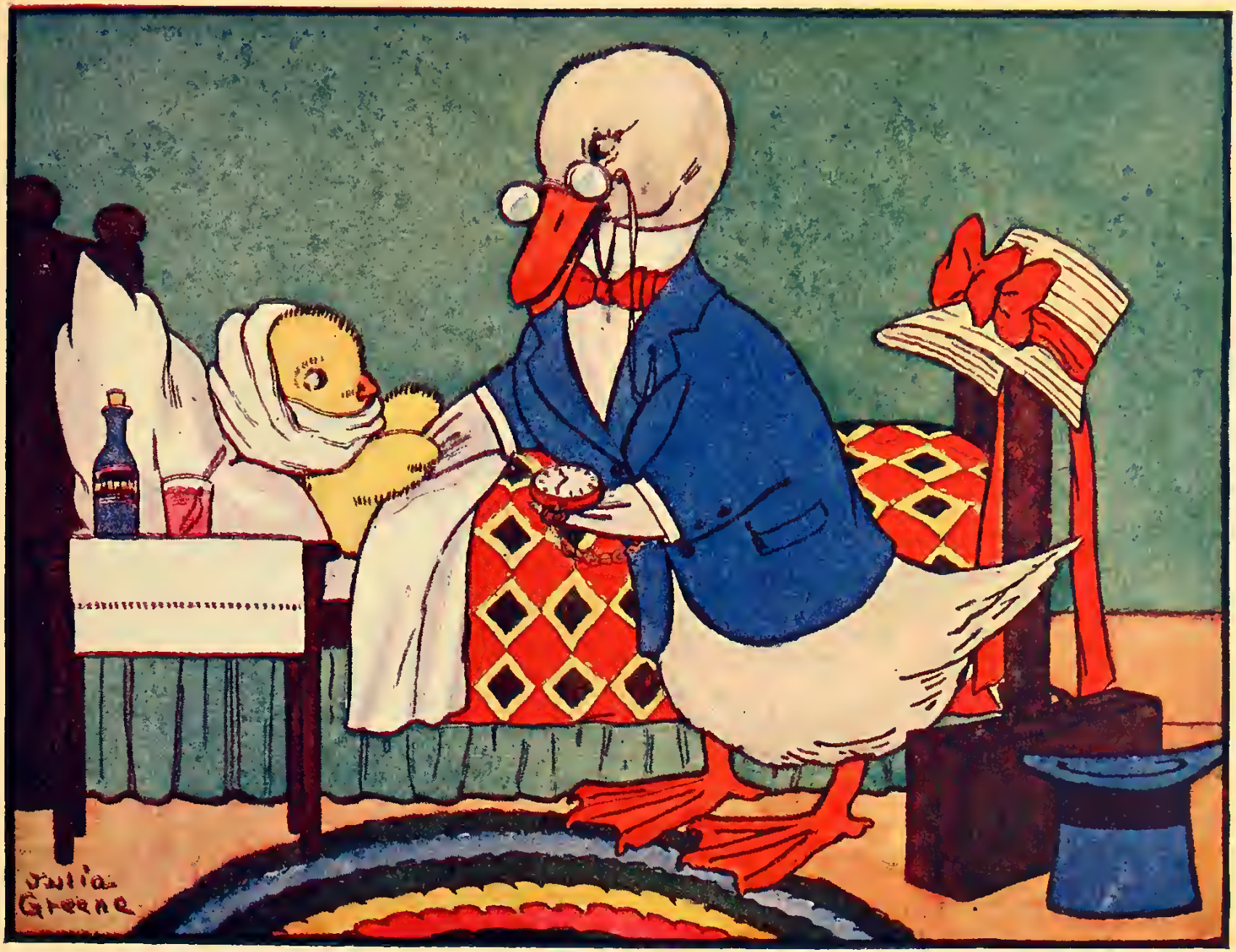
course it was pretty joggly when Mrs. Duck grabbed for the bugs that skipped across the top of the water, and then Patty had to hold on for dear life. The Duck family were making a day of it at the pond and in the afternoon the hot sun shining on the water made Patty Peep very sleepy. She tried to keep awake, as she knew she must remember to hold on, but at last she could hold up

her head no longer and she dozed off. Just then an unusually large bug skipped over the water and Mrs. Duck gave a grab for him, and Patty Peep was rudely awakened from her nap by hitting the water with a loud splash.

Poor Patty! She was never so scared before in her life, as she felt herself sinking in that awful water, and she peeped, "Help! Help!" as loud as she could.



All the ducklings came swimming from every direction toward the spot. "Man overboard," quacked Waddles thinking it was a joke. They all thought that now, as Patty was in the water, she couldn't help finding out that it was much nicer than the land. But Mrs. Duck knew that it was no joke. She grabbed Patty Peep in her bill and swam for shore as fast as she could. She dropped Patty on the bank and told Waddles to run for Dr. Drake and tell him to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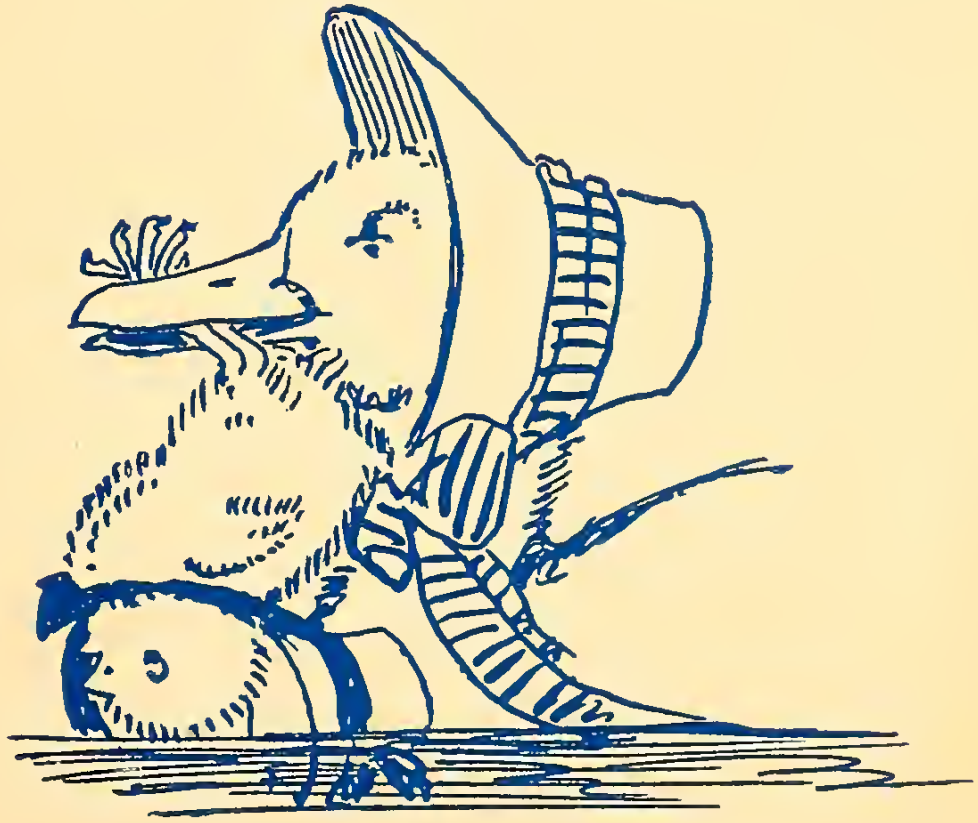
come at once. She sent Quackles ahead to build a fire and put on a kettle of water. Then the other ducklings helped poor dripping Patty Peep to climb up on Mrs. Duck's back and they all waddled off home, Mrs. Duck leading.

By the time Dr. Drake arrived Patty Peep had been dried off and tucked up in bed. He looked very grave as he felt her pulse and

ordered a bowl of hot ginger tea and a mustard foot bath. She was all right the next day, except that she had a small cough, but at the mention of pond or water she turned pale with fear. After that every time they went to the pond, one of the ducklings had to stay at home and keep her company and this was sad for they loved the pond almost as much as they did Patty Peep, and they all hated to stay away from it.



One day as Mrs. Duck and Quackles were swimming across the pond (it was Waddles' turn to stay at home with Patty Peep) they saw something white ahead of them bobbing up and down on the waves.

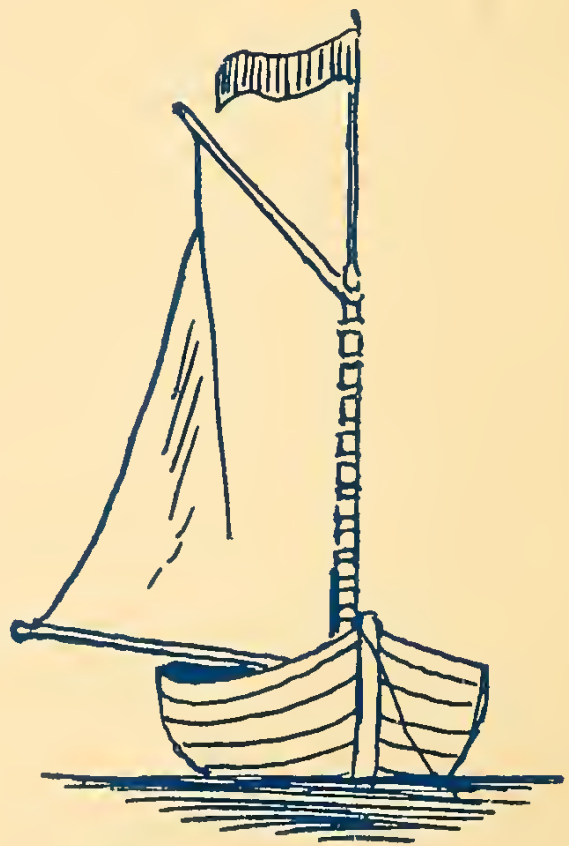
"A sail! A sail!" quacked Mrs. Duck and sure enough it was a little toy boat painted bright green, with a small sail and a tiny flag at the top of the mast. A bright idea struck Quackles the moment he saw it. "Mother" he quacked, "Why couldn't

we put Patty Peep in this little boat, then she could sail around the pond with us!"

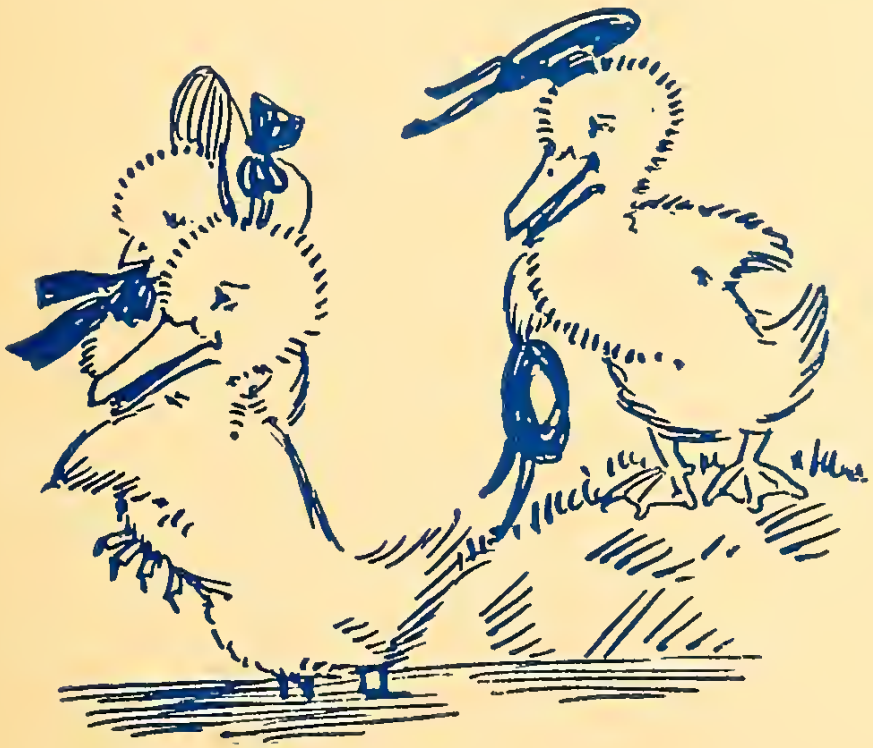
"Just the thing," gobbled Mrs. Duck. They found a string fastened to the bow and Quackles towed it to the bank, and then he waddled home as fast as he could to tell Patty Peep and Waddles all about it.

I'm sure that if the little boy who lost that boat had known of

their plans he would have been very much surprised. Patty Peep at last consented to go to the pond and look at the boat, and when she saw it, she fell in love with it at once, as she felt sure it was so safe that she could never fall out. Quackles picked her up and put her in it before she had time to change her mind, and, grabbing the string in their bills, they swam off and gave her a ride across the pond.

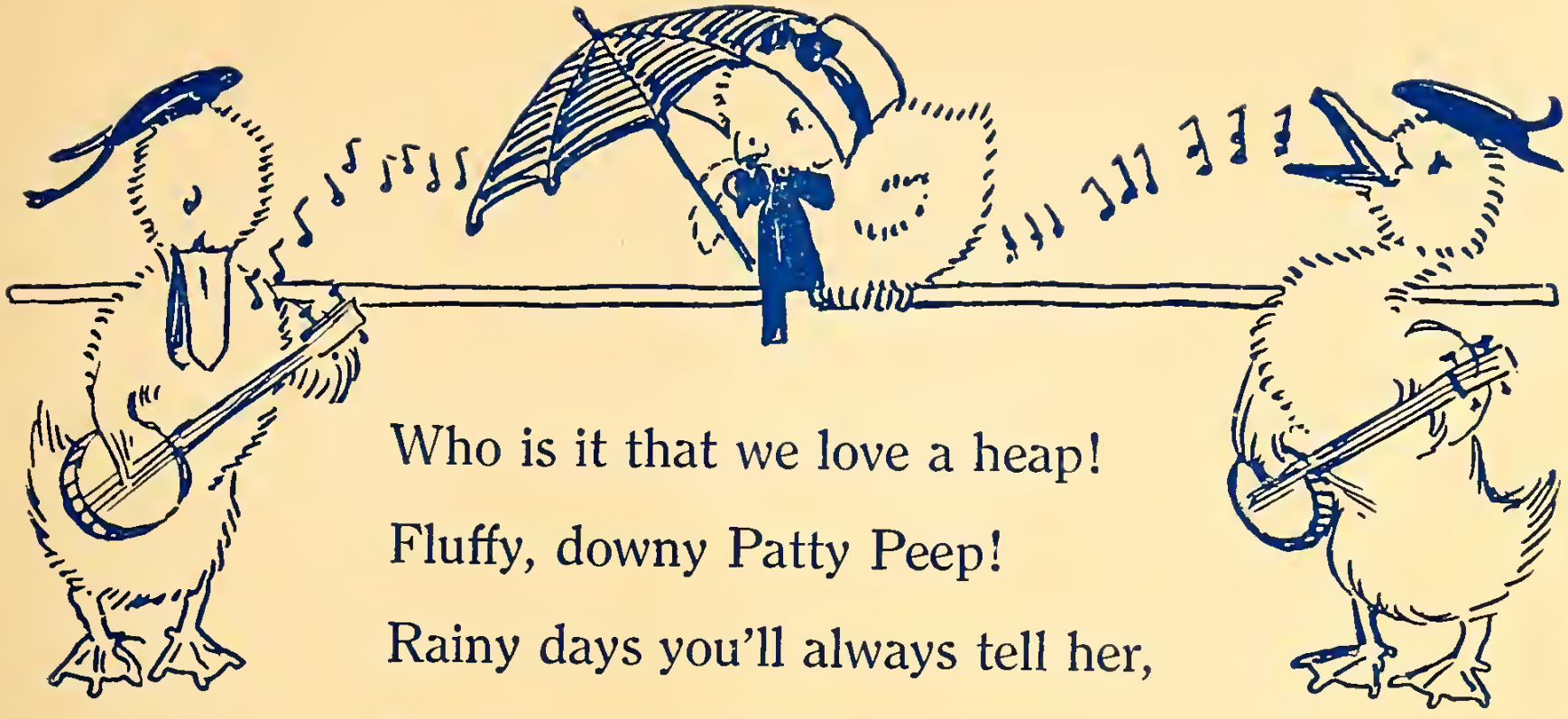


Patty Peep was the happiest chicken alive. She told Quackles she thought he was "such a duck" to find her such a pretty boat. She soon learned to sail the boat herself. Her troubles were over and they all had so much fun together on the pond, and Patty Peep still thinks to this day that she is a duckling.

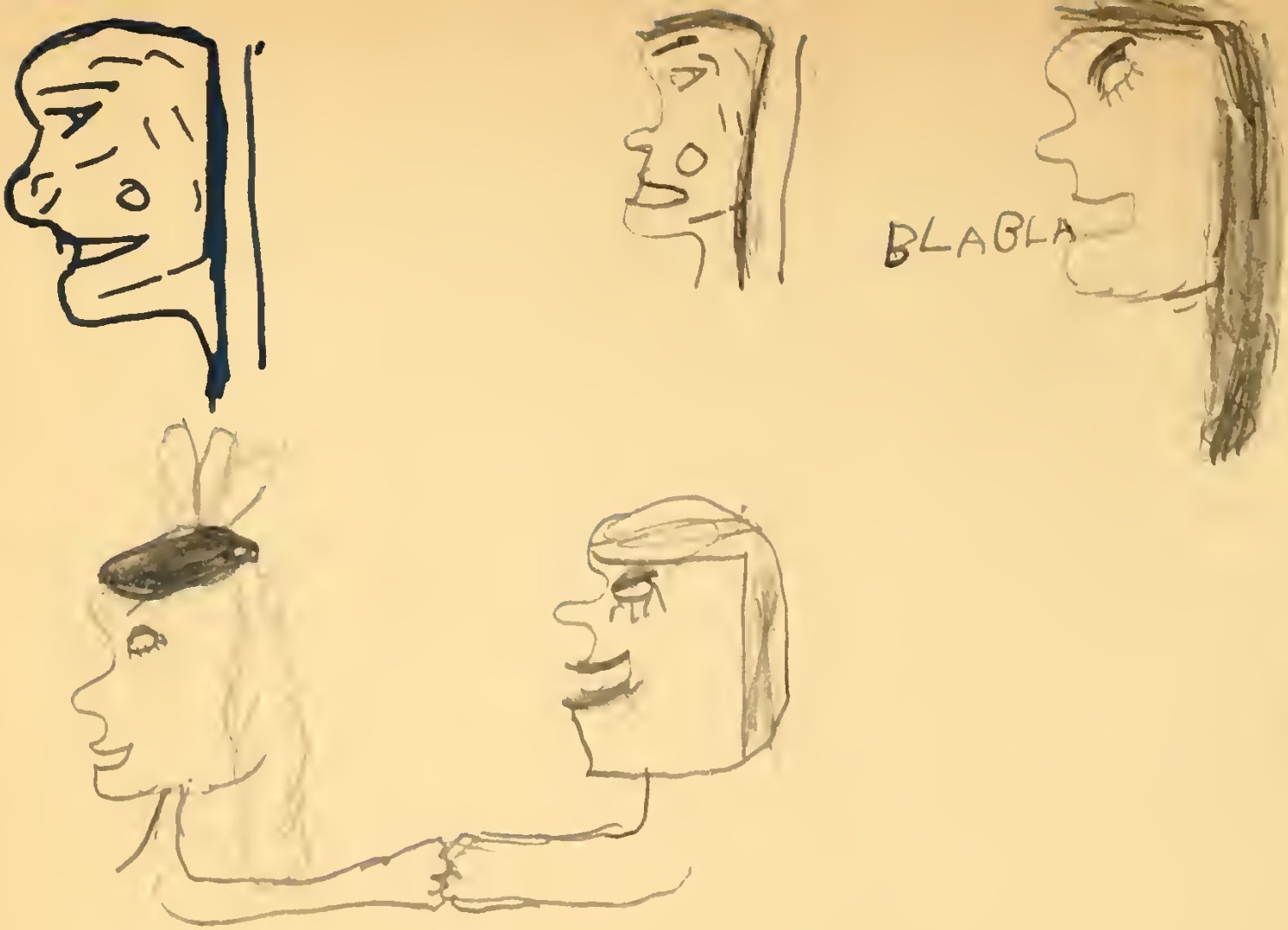


Quackles and Waddles made up this pretty song about her:

PATTY PEEP
Julia Greene



Who is it that we love a heap!
Fluffy, downy Patty Peep!
Rainy days you'll always tell her,
By her little green umbrella,
Sunny days you'll see her float—
Sitting in her little boat.
Who is it that we love a heap!
Fluffy, downy, Patty Peep!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